

Piney Woods Planter.

AND AMITE UNION LITERARY REFLECTOR,

Devoted to Literature, Politics, Science, Agriculture, Education, General Intelligence, &c.

THERE ARE ONLY TWO S OF GOVERNMENT, ONE OF, AND THE OTHER OVER THE PEOPLE;—WE HAVE SWORN TO SUPPORT THE FORMER AND OPPOSE THE LATTER.

VOL. I

LIBERTY, MI., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1838.

NO. 23.

TERMS.

THE PINEY WOODS PLANTER

Will be published every Saturday morning

BY

J. TOTILL and A. H. HALL.

The price will be FIVE DOLLARS per annum in advance, or SIX DOLLARS if not paid until the end of the year. All payments made within the first three months will be considered as in advance.

No subscription received for a less period than twelve months; nor discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a new engagement.

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THE GARLAND.



"MUCH YET REMAINS UNBORN."

SERENADE.

Written for Mozart's air, 'Away with melancholy,' with Madame Catalina's Variations.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The matin bells are pealing,
From tower and turret gray;
And fairy steps are stealing
O'er beds of breathing bloom, away.
Awake from golden slumbers,
That claim thee, love, from me;
Let music's softest numbers
Unlock the spell that hangs o'er thee.
Oh! fly with me,
O'er land and sea,
Where steps may rove,
And hearts may love—
Where nestling sweet,
Mid boughs that meet,
Of tangled vine,
Or eglantine,
Our cot shall rise
'Neath roseate skies,
Where Love, unwatched, may breathe her sighs

My gallant bark is lying
Beneath thy lattice, dear;
And epic tales are sighing
To wait thee to Love's rosy sphere.
There's freedom on the billow,
And music in the wind!
Then, Ellen, quit thy pillow,
Those silken braids of jet to bind—
And fly with me,
O'er land and sea,
My long-departed
My plighted bride:
In myrtle shades,
And mystic glades,
Where Tasso roved,
And Petrarch loved,
We'll wing away
The golden day—
Oh! fly with me, away!—away.

THE ALTAR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.
O! could'st thou speak, thy tale would bear,
A record and a mournful token,
Of vows extorted by despair,
Of blighted hopes and young hearts broken:
A blotted page that one must be,
Whereon is traced thy history.

From thee hath many a trembling bride
Turn'd with cold heart and burning brain,
The victim to a parent's pride,
A barter'd thing, a wretch, for gain;
A fetter'd slave, all meanly sold,
For that great curse of curses—gold!

Miss LAXTON, who has lately returned from the continent thus alludes to her journey:—
For now I find in foreign scenes
What foreign scenes can be,
And truth with fancy intervenes,
To bring them home to me.
A few short miles, a few salt waves,
How strange a change there came—
Our lives are separate as our graves;
Is then our kind the same?

Ah, yes; a thousand sympathies
Their general birth-place find,
And nature has a thousand links
To beauty and blind.
I deeply felt that song should make
One universal link,
Uniting, for each others sake,
All those who feel and think.

It is said of Madame de Staël that before she was fifteen years of age she had read six hundred novels in three months. Louis XVI, during the five months and seven days of his imprisonment immediately preceding his death, read one hundred and seventy-five volumes, or one a day.

Galignani's Paris paper contains an account of a fine diamond found by a poor man in a piece of wood from the Levant, and which is valued at 600,000 francs, and would be worth much more if it had not a slight tinge of yellow. It had, it is supposed, been concealed in the tree when young.

4TH OF JULY.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY,

AT SPURLOCK'S SPRINGS.

As it is common to say something, in regard to the Celebration of this day—I have thought proper to pen you a few hasty remarks, in relation to its celebration, at the above place.

Considering the short time that the citizens had to prepare for the occasion, (being only three days,) and then behold the actual preparation that had really taken place when we met, was really astonishing, and reflects much honor on the people of the neighborhood, by whom our dinner was given, particularly the female part, who, with almost unparalleled despatch, had prepared large quantities of cakes of every description, tarts, pies, &c. &c., which, to behold, appeared to be the work of a month, instead of two or three days. The managers on the occasion, W. Frith, Lee Wilson and H. Burris, also, deserve much credit for the manner in which the whole was conducted; in a word, nothing was wanting to render the whole complete—the delicious savor from the various viands, the sparkling of the liquors, and the harmony and good feeling which seemed to have been infused into every individual present—caused every countenance, to beam with joy; when to our great disappointment and sorrow, there came up a shower of rain, just as we were about to sit down at table, and of course, the appearance of the different dishes were materially injured by exposure to the rain—the ladies, however, finished dinner, when we all repaired to the stand, to hear the oration, by Dr. A. H. Hall. It has seldom been our lot to witness so much attention as was paid to the orator, while speaking, his youthful appearance seemed to have enlisted the feelings of every one present, for his success. The talent displayed, and the eloquence of the outpouring of his powerful intellect, while they secured the applause and admiration of the company, agreeably disappointed all. The oration being ended, the company again returned to the table, when the following regular toasts, prepared by a committee, composed of the following persons, viz: E. Smith, W. Gardner, and J. F. Ramsey, were read, David Lea, Esq., presiding. After which, W. Burris, Esq. politely invited the company to repair to his house, a small distance off, at which we wound up in the Real and Cotillon, to the satisfaction of all—save those in whose hearts Cupid let fly his darts with too great momentum. WASHINGTON.

To J. TOTILL, Esq.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. *The day we celebrate*—May it on each annual return find us still free and still united. 3 cheers.
2. *The memory of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*—Their legacy to us shall be handed to our descendants as we received it. 3 cheers.
3. *The Army of the Revolution*—They were the soldiers of liberty, not the tools of a conqueror, nor the slaves of a despot. 3 cheers.
4. *George Washington*—He scorned to wear a crown, and the friends of liberty have awarded to him the crown of immortality. 9 cheers.
5. *Patrick Henry*—The brightest star that gilded the political sky of '76, his speech in the Virginia House of Burgesses, the precursor of the Revolutionary war, has inseparably connected his name in the most enviable light with the history of American Independence. 6 cheers.
6. *La Fayette*—The friend of the oppressed—though he lived unhonored and neglected in his native country, while under the despot, Napoleon, yet he received the spontaneous homage of the only free nation on the globe. 9 cheers.
7. *The Army and Navy of the United States*—An honor to their country, and a terror to her enemies. 3 cheers.
8. *The State of Mississippi*—Though among the youngest, she is not less attached to truth and justice than the oldest of her sisters. 6 cheers.
9. *The non-Slaveholding States*—They should remember, "that earth has no rage like love to hatred turned." 9 cheers.
10. *The United States*—Justly distinguished for her love of liberty and republican institutions, may she become equally famed for her love of literature, and the promotion of the arts and sciences. 9 cheers.
11. *Internal Improvements*—A State's right, but not a right that she should neglect. 3 cheers.
12. *David Crockett*—He who falls in the defence of liberty should not be forgotten. 3 cheers.
13. *The Fair of Mississippi*—The old are entitled to our respects, the young to our admiration. 6 cheers.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By A. HEWITT.—*Texas*—May she not be blinded by the brilliancy of her achievements, at St. Jacinto, to the necessity of being prudent.

By Wm. F. EISELY.—*Woman*—The Guiding-Star that shines over the pathway of man.

By J. F. RAMSEY.—*The Ladies of Amite*—The better known the more they elicit our admiration.

By Dr. A. H. HALL.—*The Constitution*

in defiance of Northern Incendiaries. By Wm. B. HALE.—*The Union*—The preservation of which should be the motto of every political man.

By E. SMITH.—*The Mississippi Union Bank*—A powerful engine, it must be confided to able and cautious hands, or like the steam engine, it may blow us all up.

By R. A. POOL.—*The Fair Sex*—Man's only legitimate sovereign.

By Wm. F. EISELY.—*Abolitionism*—A monster, conceived in the darkness of ignorance, and brought forth amid the violent throes of fanaticism.

By Dr. A. H. HALL.—*Shin-Plasters*—The epistomies with which the Empires of our youth.—The only safeguard to American Independence.

CORRESPONDENCE.

July 7th, 1838.

Dr. A. H. HALL,

DEAR SIR:—

The undersigned having been appointed to solicit a copy of your oration at the Celebration of the 4th of July, at T. J. Spurlock's Springs, respectfully request you to furnish us with a copy of your very eloquent and appropriate oration, for publication.

We have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Yours, &c.

Jno. F. RAMSEY,

Wm. BURRIS,

T. J. SPURLOCK,

Committee.

Mount Hope, July 9, 1838.

GENTLEMEN:—

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 7th inst., and in compliance with your request, herewith transmit you a copy of the oration alluded to in such flattering terms, which must be ascribed rather to your kindly feelings toward me, than to any intrinsic merit it possesses. Having had but the short space of three days, and that heavily taxed by my professional duties—the production exhibits many tautologies and imperfections, which, I dare not cherish the hope, the public will view with the same indulgence that has been dictated by your friendly partiality for its author.

With sentiments of sincere respect,

I have the honor, gentlemen, to be

Your ob'd't. serv't.

A. H. HALL.

Messrs. Jno. F. RAMSEY,

Wm. BURRIS,

T. J. SPURLOCK,

Committee.

ORATION.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—

Rejoice! the 4th of July has again rolled around. The great political problem of man's capacity for self-government has at length been satisfactorily solved, and this day witnesses the members of a great, glorious, free, happy and independent nation, assembled together, to commemorate the sixty-second birth day of American Independence. The English boast their *Magna Charter*—we our Declaration of Independence. Theirs is the unwilling acknowledgement of rights wrested from the hands of a weak and wicked king, by proud and haughty barons more tyrannical than he. Ours is the free and voluntary offering of sages and patriots, who offered their own blood, a price for the liberties which it guarantees to us. Our meeting here, then, should not be considered as the tedious ceremonial of a day, or the vain pomp and pageantry of show. The festivities of this day ushered in throughout this extended Union, with shouts, rejoicings and the roar of artillery, have been instituted in commemoration of an event, at the mention of which the bosom of every American freeman heaves with emotions of pride and joy. 'Tis the jubilee of our national independence. This day, sixty-two years ago was presented the most august, the

most imposing spectacle the world ever beheld. Not a conflict of mighty armies, where "blood and carnage" filled the midnight air, and "millions died that Cesar might be great." Not a noble Senate of Conscrip Fathers met to pronounce the fearful sentence against a rival power, "Carthago delenda est." What then? An assemblage of heroes and statesmen, in defiance of the menaces of a cruel tyrant, declaring the astounding and unwelcome truth, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and hurling defiance at the British throne, while Tyranny with his mailed foot was wantonly trampling upon every bud of liberty on both sides the Atlantic. The signers of the Declaration of Independence afford a rare example of disinterested patriotism and self-devotedness. To them ambition held forth no allurement, and avarice could offer no temptations. Liberty was the Goddess of their idolatry, to her did they devote themselves a willing and a ready sacrifice, and pray, "thy kingdom come"—a prayer that carried consternation to European monarchs and caused the Tyrant to tremble on his tottering throne. Who, fellow-citizens, that has nature in his heart, does not, on this day, when led back to that momentous period, catch the divine spirit which inspired our ancestors in the "times that tried men's souls," and impelled them in defiance of the halter and the gleaming sword of the Despot, to grant freedom to three millions of men, though with it they gave their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," who, we ask, does not, on this occasion, catch one spark of living fire from that altar at which they worshipped, and swear to preserve the blessings they obtained after the most incessant labors of eight distressful years, and transmit them to posterity untarnished and unimpaired?

Pardon us for a moment, while we shall attempt to trace up the various causes that led to the event of this glorious anniversary. For we shall find much to instruct the judgment and call forth the admiration, while contemplating the wisdom, prudence and justice, with which acts of the most determined resistance were had recourse to at the first dawning of the Revolution. When our fathers, flying from hardships & persecution, left their native shores, and turned "one last, one longing, lingering look" on Albion's snowy cliffs, they did not renounce their allegiance, or contemplate the establishment of a government independent of that of Great Britain, but only came as colonists, bearing in their hearts the feelings and affections of Englishmen, and acknowledging full and firm allegiance to the country of their birth. And though, from the very first time they had acquired for themselves "a local habitation and a name," in this, then wilderness wild, there existed causes which it might reasonably be supposed, were well calculated to diminish their attachment to Great Britain—such as restrictions upon their commerce—the parsimony with which aid was afforded them in an arduous and hard contested war—the speculations and maladministrations of those who were, contrary to their wishes and against their consent, sent to rule over them, and many such like grievances and outrages; still, up to the year 1764, all the injustice and neglect with which they had been treated seemed insufficient to impair their affection or shake their allegiance. Forgetful of past injuries and elate with hopes of the future, they seemed to entertain none other than feelings of filial obedience to the mother country, which they looked upon and viewed in the light of a parent, possessing the right to correct, admonish, govern and direct the destiny of the offspring, and if at any time, by tyranny and oppression, they were awaked to a sense of their wrongs, they were ever disposed to exclaim with Cowper, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

A change of policy, however, at this time, on the part of the mother country in regard to her colonies, interrupted the friendly disposition that heretofore existed between them. Hitherto Great Britain had been content so to control their commerce, as to monopolize to herself all the benefits accruing therefrom. But now, regardless of every principle of justice and generosity—forgetful of all the sacred ties of consanguinity and relationship, she made the first attempt to raise a revenue in America, by laying duties on certain articles which recognized the existence of a right to tax them without their consent. This unjust and outrageous policy involved a principle directly at war with their cherished aphorism that "taxation and representation were inseparable," and this, it has been said, was the hinge on which the Revolution turned. By this first act

of outrage and usurpation were fomented the seeds of that disaffection which was destined in a little while to burst forth with the fury of the tornado, and wrest from the King of Great Britain, the brightest jewel that sparkled in his crown. In 1767, the passage of the bill in the British Parliament, imposing duties on glass, paper, painter's oil, and tea, rekindled the fires which had been temporarily smothered by the repeal of the stamp act, in the preceding year, but which now blazed forth anew shedding a fearful, portentous gleam on all around. The spirit of opposition now became open and loud, and the patriotic sentiment of "millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute," was heard ejaculated from the mouths of more than two millions of injured and insulted freemen. Meetings were held in every quarter, characterized not by the dastard wickedness or the mad and senseless ravings of the mob, but by the genius of freedom that stimulated, guided and directed in the hours of our country's greatest, severest travail.

The "Tea Party" at Boston, in 1773, set the first example of open and undisguised resistance, which met with a hearty and joyful response from the bosoms of many, who were now ready to die martyrs in the sacred cause of liberty—who had firmly resolved, sooner to die all freemen than live all slaves. The report of the massacre at Lexington, flew with electrical rapidity across the continent, while ten thousand avenging swords leaped from their scabbards, and the fires kindled on its heights were reflected back by the peaks of the Alleghenies, and lighted up every valley along the Atlantic, as so many beacon fires of war. Greece has her Thermopylae, and America her Bunker's Hill. Here, in one short hour was to be decided the destiny of this now vast and mighty Republic. Here were the enemy to be met, and convinced of the valor and invincibility of those whom they in the insolence of their pride and arrogance had vainly hoped to triumph over, and trample in the vile dust. Spirit of departed heroes, gather around—here is a spectacle that the inhabitants of high Olympus might look down upon with wonder and astonishment. Behold! Liberty as she views her champions, weeps and mingles her face beneath her golden tinted pinion, but though few, every man's a hero and every band's a host. As they eye the proud embattled hosts of England marshalled forth—and descending like reapers to the harvest of death, not a cheek is seen to blanch nor a knee to falter.

"Firm, paced and slow, a gallant front they form;

Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm

As some vast ocean rock is seen to lift its head in defiance of the tempest and the storm, and rolls back in broken disorder, the swelling wave that proudly dashes against its front, so they firm and unmoved receive the shock of contending legions, and drive them back in precipitate disorder and confusion. Again! and again it is done.

"The combat deepens, on ye brave,

Who rush to glory or the grave,—

Ah! few shall part where many meet,

And every turf beneath their feet,

A soldier's sepulchre!"

Here fell the gallant and heroic Warren, a martyr in the cause of his country. Nor did he fall alone. Ere life has departed, pointing to the significant mottoes and cheering inscriptions on the flag of his country, he exhorts his countrymen to victory or to death. And now, though "gone, and forever," his spirit seems to have infused itself into the bosom of many a future Warren, and lighted up in their hearts the holy love of country.—But why linger we here? Not a hero has fallen in the battle field of his country's fame but has had woven a wreath for his brow, and a requiem chanted for his soul. They need no proud mausoleum to perpetuate their memory—they have been embalmed in the tears, and enshrined in the hearts of their grateful countrymen, and their names have been emblazoned in imperishable characters of gold, on the lofty temple which they have consecrated to Liberty with their own blood.

And now, when darkness, thick darkness obscured our political horizon—when the Heaven's thundered and the very earth rocked, shook to its centre by political convulsions, there appeared one who seemed as if commissioned by Heaven to "ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm" in this mighty tempest of war. It was Washington marshalling his country's hosts to glorious war; and leading them from victory to victory through hardships and dangers, now scaling the precipitous height—now tempting the deep and rapid river, till after eight long years the memorable transactions of York-Town put an